

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

O. Henry Ending By ROSS BARGEY

If anybody'd told me, two years ago, that I'd be living on an uncharted island somewhere in the Pacific, dressed in a sarong, dodging King Tut...

Well, I suppose in a way it's my own fault. Henry was a good husband, according to his ideas. Kind, but prosaic—always talking about his golf score, telling the same old chestnuts. But the thing that got under my skin was that suffocating possessiveness.

"Henry," I used to say, "matrimony is a partnership, not a dictatorship. You knew when you married me that I'm nuts about flying!"

He would mutter something about a woman's place being in the home. Imagine! A bromide like that. He probably had had some wild notion that a platinum circle, third finger, left hand, would alter the whole pattern of my existence.

Oh, we both tried. But it infuriated Henry to have me thumb my nose at convention—and I never could abide a stuffed shirt!

It was when I took up solo flying that things really started in earnest. "Suppose," Henry would jitter "that something went wrong. Airplane innards can't be fixed with a broomstick—or a hairpin."

That was the final insult. I set my jaw and determined then and there to fly the Pacific—alone.

I did make one compromise with Henry. This would be my last solo flight. I can still see his face—worried and waxy, as he dog-trotted alongside my plane that day I took off. Reminding me, by pantomime, to keep in touch with him by radio. Well, I did, until...

After the first grueling anxiety of the take-off it was glorious. I climbed rapidly upstairs, soaring high above the clouds for safety. How I reveled in that divine sense of freedom! I was a bird—a lone eagle... no ties, no fetters... except Henry's face, and that kept floating before me, anxious and pale.

I spoke to him occasionally through my little hand mike, and kept the radio tuned in to a powerful broadcasting station from which, by previous arrangement, Henry was allowed to interpolate a word to me between matinee dance numbers. In a way it was pleasant to think of him sitting there, waiting...

At first there were glimpses of the ocean. Then the fog closed in, and I was sailing along between two white blankets. Hour after hour of that. And that eternal whiteness, monotonous and unrelieved, probably had a great deal to do with what happened.

I heard Henry's voice, with a note of panic: "Brenda, why don't you speak to me?" Then the radio went dead.

What a difference! Suddenly I wasn't an eagle any more. I was a speck, a dot, an atom—hurting through space. No heaven, no earth... no Henry! Abruptly I felt I must make contact with the rest of the world.

A blue patch opened below me and down I swooped. I don't know what I expected to find... the long smoke-plume of a steamer, perhaps. Nothing but blue. I snatched my glasses and searched the horizon. Then I almost dropped them. No islands were charted for this part of the Pacific, but that distant blur could mean nothing else... I studied my compass. I glanced wildly at the sun. One was lying. It must be the compass. I found myself mentally shrieking that this couldn't be happening to me! But it was. There was no doubt about it—I was lost.

That was when I cracked. Without even stopping to weigh the consequences I made for that distant blur.

The shock of the impact must have thrown me clear of the wreck, for when my eyes focused much later the plane was a charred mass, and all around me were grinning brown faces.

Six hundred days ago, that was—or is it years? That is, unless some of these childlike aborigines have been monkeying with the jar of pebbles I call my calendar.

Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever be rescued. Probably not. Until yesterday no steamer has ever made this stop—and that was blown off its course. I wasn't here for the party. The natives must have slipped something in my coffee, so to speak. When I woke the boat was gone. Business as usual, except some of the women strutting around in new beads, or scrapping over a few yards of gaudy calico. I took a hand in that—I can use a new sarong.

State Regent Will Address D.A.R. Chapter

Mrs. J. De Forest Richards, Illinois state regent of the D.A.R., will be the speaker at the December meeting of the North Shore chapter of the D.A.R. The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Harry B. Roberts, 330 Elm place, on Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 2 p.m. Assisting hostesses will be Mrs. W. F. Mayer, Mrs. W. P. Hammond, Mrs. Marc Law and Mrs. George O. Strecker. The board of directors will entertain Mrs. Richards at luncheon preceding the meeting.

Mrs. Richards is active in the work of the American Red Cross, and under her able guidance as state regent, the Illinois chapter, D.A.R. has been successful in carrying out the various war projects. The 7,500 members in Illinois donated \$21,500 to last year's war project—blood plasma equipment for the Red Cross. The D.A.R. will continue to repair and replace this equipment.

Mrs. Richards received a most significant letter from Lt. J. C. Johnston of Aurora, in command of the L.C.I., No. 606, the landcraft to which the Illinois chapter members have been sending gifts, letters and recreation equipment. Lt. Johnston expressed to her his appreciation and that of his crew.

Mrs. Richards is a most interesting speaker, and it is hoped that all chapter members will be able to attend the meeting.

ALICE DORICK JOINS HONORARY FRATERNITY

Among the four Knox college (Galesburg) seniors to whom membership in Pi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic fraternity, was extended this week was Alice Dorick. Elections to this group are made on the basis of excellent scholarship, breadth of culture and general promise.

In addition to her scholastic attainments, Miss Dorick has been prominent on the campus in extracurricular activities. She was editor last year of the "Gale," college yearbook, and this fall was chosen as one of the nine representative students on the campus whose name will be carried in the 1945 edition of "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities." She is a member of the Women's Athletic association, of Mortar board, honorary senior women's society, and Pi Beta Phi, national social sorority.

Miss Dorick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dorick, 331 North avenue.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Miss Elizabeth Lowe, of New York City, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Low, 241 Laureel, is expected home for the Christmas holidays. Also home for the holidays is her brother, "Bill," seaman 2/c, USNR, who was graduated from St. John's Military academy, Delafield, Wis., in June. Seaman Bill is assigned to the fleet post-office in Chicago, where he is receiving his training.

Hello, what's this? An old newspaper, by all that's holy! Left behind, probably by one of the sailors. It—it has my name in it! So... Given up for lost... Declared legally dead. And Henry's name, too—coupled with that of Valeria Blaine!

So soon. Well, I suppose a man does get lonesome...

She always did go for Henry—that Blaine person! Oh, I reckon she'll make him a good enough wife. The sort Henry wanted me to be. Bridge... fireside chats... kids... messy!

Sometimes I go almost insane—forever looking at these grinning brown faces—all so alike. Except King Tut, as I call him. And he's the most alike of any of them. Teeth. And he has the middle-age spread. I—don't—like—the way that bird eyes me!

Here he comes now jabbering and gesticulating. I wonder what he wants... Ah, I am flattered—he is asking my hand in marriage. Why, you big baboon, I have a husband.

What's that? He says I am to thing nothing of it—he himself has four wives and thirteen children!

Good heavens—the creature actually means it! Look here, you brown ape—don't be that way... Oh... HENRY! (Courtesy of McClure's Newspaper Syn.)

Come Out, Wherever You Are!

Wisconsin Irma, after making the Line (Chicago Tribune, Dec. 1) retire to the background and veils her modest cheeks. She is not too proud, she says, of the literary merit of her brain child. But certainly a light so quizzically whimsical should not be hid. So come out from under your bushel, Irma, and take a bow.

R.B.O.

Luise Haessler to Graduate from Vassar

Mrs. Mildred Haessler of Ravinia is planning to spend the holidays in New York with her daughter, Luise, who will be graduating from Vassar Dec. 17. Mrs. Haessler, herself a Vassar alumna, will be a guest on the campus during the commencement week.

In New York they hope to be joined by Lt. (j.g.) Eric Haessler, who has been stationed in the Mediterranean area since last May. He is the engineering officer of a large LCI, assigned to special duty in that area.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and family of Wisconsin will occupy the Ravinia residence during Mrs. Haessler's absence.

Groups Hold Christmas Parties at Y. W. C. A.

Within the next two weeks, several clubs connected with the Y plan to hold their Christmas parties. The Friendship club's dinner and party, on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 6 p.m., is the first. Included in the program are readings by Judy Livingston, Christmas music, and games.

The Mothers club party is to be on Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Paul Downing and Mrs. Robert Breakwell will furnish music for the carols. Mrs. John Faye will give a reading.

The Pi Delta dinner and party is at 6:30, Wednesday, Dec. 13. Dickens' Christmas Carol will be read, and there will be music directed by Mrs. Robert Roeber.

A party for their members and children will be given by the Saturday Evening club on Wednesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. J. R. Steacy and Mrs. Jack Preck are in charge.

On the night of Dec. 21, SGO, the Senior Girls' organization, will have a party. Plans are in charge of group 4, led by Torrie Turner. The program will be announced later.

Information Center To Be Dedicated Today

Prominent city, state, military and government officials participated in dedicating the Veterans' Information center to the service of the veteran in ceremonies attending the opening of the center in its permanent headquarters at 10:30 a.m., today (Thursday) three years after the Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

A colorful program preceded an official inspection of the center, held in the Marquette Building auditorium at 140 S. Dearborn street, which included brief addresses by Gov. Dwight H. Green and others.

The Veterans' Information center of metropolitan Chicago is located in Room 230, Banker's building, 105 W. Adams, and its executive director is C. Edward Thorney, 1525 Westview, Highland Park.

WINNETKA WOMAN CHRISTENS LIBERTY

Mrs. Louis Ware of Winnetka, wife of the president of International Minerals & Chemicals Corp., christened the Liberty Ship James H. Price in a launching ceremony at the Savannah, Ga., shipyards of the Southeastern Shipbuilding Corp., Tuesday, Dec. 5.

Mrs. Ware's matron of honor during the ceremony was her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Ware, whose husband is an ensign in the navy. Also present at the launching were Harry B. Baylor, vice-president of International Minerals & Chemicals Corp., and a number of prominent Savannah industrialists.

After two years' service in the European and Mediterranean areas, Gordon Clavey, Yeoman 1/c, USN, is home on leave for the first time in 28 months. He has done base duty in Oran, Africa, and later served on board an LST staff ship, landing troops in France and Italy. He will report to Norfolk, Va., at the expiration of his leave.

GLENCOE THEATRE

630 Vernon Ave. Highland Park 605

FRI & SAT. Dec. 8-9 Don Ameche, Chas. Bickford

"Wing and a Prayer"

SUN., MON., TUES., WED., Dec. 10-11-12-13

Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso

"The Seventh Cross"

THUR., FRI., SAT., Dec. 14-16

Van Johnson, Gloria DeHaven

"Two Girls and a Sailor"

Coming: Dragon Seed, "Gas Light."

North Shore Catholic Women's League

Msgr. Hillenbrand, spiritual director of the N. S. Catholic Women's league, and pastor of Sacred Heart church, Hubbard Woods, will talk to members of the league and guests at the monthly meeting, on Dec. 12, at the Community House in Winnetka. The subject of his discourse will be "The Divine Life."

From the ranks of the junior auxiliary talent is being utilized to present the play "On the Air," in one act. Participating are Mrs. John Sullivan, Mrs. Bernard Townsend, Miss Jeanette Trudeau and Mrs. Edward Kirchberg, Miss Connie Alanzi. Mrs. L. W. Hayes is directing. Props are Mrs. Hamilton Ferguson and Mrs. W. Metzger.

Christmas carols will be sung by the boys' choir of Sacred Heart church with their teacher and accompanist, Sister Laurelle.

Mrs. Albert Woll, chairman of war activities, assisted by Mrs. Irwin Porter, Mrs. Joseph Theis, Mrs. Warren Marshall and Mrs. B. W. Colman, gave a party for servicemen at the Highwood Catholic USO on Nov. 29. Donations have been given to the Waukegan USO and on Jan. 31 a party will be given at the Highwood USO.

Hostesses at the Tuesday meeting will be Mrs. Fred Albrecht, Mrs. Wm. Dillon, Mrs. Fred Hubsch and Mrs. Wm. Schildgen. Mrs. Jas. Enright is house chairman.

Mrs. Michael McNulty will preside at the meeting.

SIXTH WAR LOAN BONDS BUY THEM... KEEP THEM!

YANKS GIVE SHIRTS TO FILIPINO NATIVES

ON THE BEACHHEAD AT LEYTE ISLAND.—A boat crew of a Coast Guard landing barge which put ashore troops and supplies on the island of Leyte literally gave their new Filipino comrades the shirts off their backs!

Several hours after the initial landing, the Coast Guardsman's barge was beached on the flat sand waiting a new load. A group of friendly, young Filipinos gathered around the barge waiting the men curiously. Timid at first, they soon grew bolder and began pointing and smiling at the Coast Guardsmen and then back at themselves. The men offered them a breaker of fresh cool water. It was accepted enthusiastically, but the pointing continued. They held up a carton of K-rations. The Filipinos reached for it eagerly, but continued to point. The Coast Guardsmen were completely stymied until finally one of the older boys took off his ragged, tattered blouse and held it up as he gestured at the men's waists. Now they knew. The native youngsters were fascinated with their shirts of bright blue dungaree.

That afternoon the boat crew returned to their transport stripped to the waist... but with the firm conviction that they had offered the ultimate in American friendship.

A TASTY WAFFLE

Add 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning to the dry ingredients of a basic waffle batter for a tasty waffle which is a perfect foundation for turkey or chicken a la king. These fragrant waffles solve the leftover problem of bits of cooked poultry. These also go well with flaked salmon or tuna fish in a colorful vegetable cream sauce.

Dr. Niebuhr to Speak At Sunday Eve. Club

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Christian thinker, speaker, writer, theologian and philosopher, will make his sixteenth appearance at the Sunday Evening club in Chicago, Dec. 10, at 8 p.m. Internationally famous, Dr. Niebuhr lectured at the University of Edinburgh in 1941, one of the four Americans to be so honored in 54 years. He also conferred with the late Archbishop Temple in England in 1943. Many of his enthusiastic followers term themselves "Niebuhrians."

JEAN PERRIGO HONORED BY CLASSMATES AT STEPHENS

Miss Jean Perrigo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Perrigo, 278 Cary avenue, has been elected secretary of the freshman class at Stephens college, Columbia, Mo.

Officers are elected in campus-wide elections after a period of campaigning. All class officers are members of the Council of Class Officers which works for unity in the class events and plans for the school year at Stephens college for women.

REQUIEM

Now you are gone Forever young and filled with joy While I remain to trudge The same dull rut and some day find That carefree boy Who was within me has grown old I wonder if it was so sad you died.

LT. JOHN BERGLAND

When the Mercury Goes Down...



... everyone starts to think of an extra KENWOOD "FAMOUS" BLANKET. That's the blanket with the marvelous long fleece that's anchored deep down in the sturdy weave so it just never pulls out. Makes it so cosy warm! And without adding a pound of extra weight! You'll find just the color to match your bedroom—really charming shades of Peach, Green, Blue and Rose. Rayon satin bound, to match. It's big enough to tuck in at the bottom and pull up around your shoulders—72 x 84 inches. The price?

Just \$14.95

GARNETT'S HIGHLAND PARK